

THE LEISURE HOUR

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cotter.*



MISS CHUFFER AND PRISCILLA MEET THE MANOR HOUSE PARTY.

THE CLACKITTS OF INGLEBROOK HALL.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

CHAPTER XVI.—SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

"You look tired," said Priscilla, to Miss Chuffer, as they left the school one morning.

"I don't feel *particularly* strong, dear."

"Take my arm, I will walk home with you."

"How considerate you are, and how kind!"

"Oh, nonsense!"

They had not got very far when Priscilla interrupted Miss Chuffer in a description of nervous headache in all its varieties, by exclaiming, "Why, there is certainly something in you that attracts the Manor House people! We met Miss McRocket the last time we walked together, and now here is quite a cavalcade advancing."

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Chuffer, glancing down at her dress, "how *particularly* vexatious. Well, we can slip down this turn; they will think we are going somewhere else."

"But we are not going anywhere else; so what is the use of slipping down that turn?"

"You don't wish to meet them, dear, do you?"

"No! but I don't wish to avoid them."

"But you see, dear, I am—at least—you see, dear, I never dress to go to the school."

"Oh!" said Priscilla, looking at her, "I understand—but are you not dressed as usual? I should not have found out the difference."

"Well, dear, if you are not ashamed of me—you are always so particularly well dressed."

"Well, my dress must pass us for both, then, this time," said Priscilla, laughing. "I'm not ashamed of you, and I don't see why you should be ashamed of yourself."

By this time they had encountered the party. Mrs. Waltham was being wheeled in a bath-chair; her daughter, Miss Vernon, Lady and Miss McRocket, and one or two other visitors, made up the party. Priscilla went to Mrs. Waltham and inquired after her health, and, bowing to Miss Waltham, was about to pass on, when that young lady said,—

"We are going to see the school, Miss Clackitt; I suppose we shall get admittance?"

"The doors are open," said Priscilla; "we have just left it."

"Really, the Inglebrook people are very much indebted to your family, Miss Clackitt," said Mrs. Waltham. "Your father built the school, and I understand you are the principal teacher there?"

"Oh, no; we have a very good master."

"But you do teach?"

"Yes."

"You must find it very tedious and wearisome, if you do it regularly."

"I think we enjoy it, don't we?" said Priscilla, turning to Miss Chuffer. "Miss Chuffer is now quite fond of it."

Now, if Miss Chuffer had had on her new dress trimmed with velvet down the front, she would have tried a long speech; but in her old brown alpaca, she felt a shrinking from notice which kept her from doing more than producing an exaggerated smile and bridling a little; the consequence was, she appeared to a much greater advantage.

"Perhaps," said Priscilla, "I ought to offer to return to the school with you; but really there is nothing to show. I should be of no use, and I have an appointment."

Mrs. Waltham and Miss Waltham both said they were sorry they had not been earlier and found her there, but begged she would not take the trouble.

"We never have the pleasure of seeing you at the Manor House," said Miss Waltham.

"No," said Priscilla. "I—" and not knowing precisely what reason to give, she stopped there.

"Do you never visit?"

"Never without my mother," said Priscilla.

"Can't you prevail on Mrs. Clackitt to come?"

"I think she prefers home."

The ladies smiled, and there was abundance of bowing and smiling; and Priscilla and Miss Chuffer went their way, and the Manor House party went theirs.

"How *particularly* kind they were, dear!"

"Were they?" said Priscilla.

"Didn't you think so?"

"No; yes—at least I didn't think about it. Why should they be anything else?"

"Well, dear, I mean they are not proud."

"I dare say not; I never thought them so. Not Mrs. Waltham and her daughter."

"Ah! but that lady on the other side of the chair. She is proud; don't you think so?"

"Miss Vernon? I don't know her."

"Those ladies behind were—?"

"Lady and Miss McRocket; the others I have seen, but don't know or remember their names."

"What a pity, dear, you didn't go back with them."

"Why, it would have been a greater pity to leave you to walk home alone."

"How *particularly* kind! I kept as much behind you as I could. I hope they did not notice my dress."

"I can answer for it they did not. People of rank and people of sense don't think much of dress."

"Not people of rank?"

"No, it is a matter-of-course with them—it belongs to their station to dress well; and they don't think about it."

"I have heard that clever people are above it, but there is Mrs.—"

"Oh," said Priscilla, who dreaded *personal* illustrations, "there are exceptions to every rule; but I said sensible people were above it. All clever people are not sensible, you know; at least all are not gifted with common sense."

"Very true," said Miss Chuffer, with a ruminating look; and the thought arose in her mind that she was possibly not very sensible, though she had an idea she was clever; her attention to dress having been too evident to allow her to acquit herself of caring much about it.

"How kindly they asked you to the Manor House, dear."

"Did they?" said Priscilla.

"Why don't you go?"

"I have no wish to mix with people out of my rank in life."

"But, do you think, dear—"

"I know what you are going to say. We are very rich; richer a great deal than they are. But we have not high birth; and we have not been in circumstances to fit us for that kind of society. We are out of our place in it."

Miss Chuffer looked amazed.

"Well, dear, I'm sure I never knew any one so *particularly* humble as you are."

Now, this remark of Miss Chuffer's, coming as it did from the very bottom of her heart, made a deep impression on Priscilla, and one that she could not get rid of immediately. She changed the conversation, and asked Miss Chuffer if she did not find it dull in the evening.

"Oh, *particularly* dull, dear; I can't tell you how lonely I am, and I have nothing to do. I dislike crochet and that sort of work. Sarah mends all my things, and one cannot *always* read, you know."

"Why don't you work for the poor? Make baby-clothes—cut up your old things. You will find it very amusing."

"Well, dear, you see my dresses are not fit for the poor; the material is not strong enough."

"Oh, things of that sort you can mend up, and send to a few needy ones in a better station than the very poor."

"What a good idea! Who told you that?"

"Miss Manners. My father is very liberal, and insists on our always being well dressed, so I have abundance of things, and directly I get new dresses, I send the old ones away."

"How very good! Now, let me see, dear, there's my pale blue poplin, with the satin stripe and three flounces; that would be just the thing. I am quite tired of it, and it is a little shabby. You remember it, dear?"

Priscilla could not remember it, but took it for granted that it would do.

"And that pink-and-green barege. It is quite out of date. What do you think, dear?"

Priscilla, whose mind had rested on the words, "You are so particularly humble," was not sorry when she had deposited Miss Chuffer safely in her house, there to turn out her drawers and wardrobe for the benefit of the needy of England, Ireland, or Wales, whichever might first excite her sympathy, and obtain possession of the pale blue poplin with three flounces, or the pink-and-green barege which was quite out of date.

Priscilla went straight to Miss Manners. As she drew near the house, she met Mrs. and Miss Waltham coming from it. They had been calling while the rest of the party were in the school.

There was a very inviting cordiality in the greeting of the ladies as she passed them and went in to see her friend.

"You met the Walthams?"

"Yes, I have met them twice to-day."

Somehow, Priscilla could not get up a *con amore* conversation. She answered beside the mark, and started subjects which were not by any means uppermost in her thought.

"You are not in your usual spirits, my dear," said Miss Manners.

"The truth is," said Priscilla, after a pause, "I feel dissatisfied with myself."

"Perhaps that is not a bad thing; but what has put you out of conceit of yourself at the present time?"

Priscilla repeated Miss Chuffer's panegyric, adding, "Directly she said it, I felt how little she knew me, and how different I appeared from what I really was."

"Explain yourself, my dear."

"Why it is just this, Miss Manners—my pride, which Mr. Middleton warned me of, is at work as strongly as ever. What is it that makes me averse to going to the Manor House, but pride? What is it that makes me hold myself aloof from all that differ from me in opinion and feeling, but pride? He told me of this on that memorable day; and I thought since that I had worked against it, and overcome it; but, oh! you cannot think how deep-rooted it is in my heart! To-day, I know I felt proud of being able to enjoy working among the poor; proud of being above caring for appearances; proud of being indifferent to the opinions of great people; proud of being above desiring to go out of my rank. I was so pleased with myself, and so proud of myself, till poor Miss Chuffer said, 'I never knew any one so humble;' and at these words the veil dropped, and I saw myself."

"A very good thing you did, my dear. You owe something to Miss Chuffer for that, Priscilla. You are but young in the Christian life, you have much to learn; your heart will never improve, don't hope nor expect it. Your eyes must be kept open to

watch it, or it will take you by surprise. Your work is not to improve self, but by grace to overcome self. Instead of being cast down by a discovery of your deceitful, indwelling sin, take courage; for an enemy discovered is an enemy prepared for; it is the very pride which you so decry that makes you mourn over detecting it. I have no doubt you will have many such discoveries. The more you watch, the less likely you are to be surprised."

"Sin shall not have dominion over you!" said Priscilla.

"No, neither shall it, if you wrestle against it; but the conflict will never cease till the last."

"My mother,—she is like a little child,—I would give the world sometimes for her simplicity of faith!"

"Your mother is differently constituted, Priscilla. Our religion will always take a colouring from our natural temperament. She has an advantage one way, you another. Do not be cast down; you know who 'giveth the victory' in all temptations and trials. His strength is made perfect in weakness. Don't disguise from yourself that you have the Clackitt pride; in your father and Rosabella it shows itself in one way, in you in another. There is not quite so elevated, perhaps, in the sight of man, while in the sight of God yours might issue in something more hateful and dangerous. Watch, therefore, my dear girl, and pray, that you enter not into temptation."

Further conversation followed, when Miss Manners said, "I think it is not a good thing to think or talk too much about ourselves; it is seldom that we are honest in thinking, and perhaps never quite in speaking."

"Living in this secluded place, and seeing so few people, seems to drive one in to oneself. I think sometimes it is bad for me."

"I might think so too; but I have learned that our circumstances, when they are not sought for by our own wilfulness or planning, are sure to be the best for us. If anything were to occur to bring you more among your fellow-creatures, I should think it was a good thing for you. Till it does, I am satisfied that you have all that is good for you."

CHAPTER XVII.—OPEN WAR.

WHEN the sharp frosts set in, poor Will died. He had been quite insensible for many days, and passed away without a struggle.

"Pray, what is to become of my security?" said Mr. Clackitt. "I hear that this idiot is dead; and all our trouble has been for nothing."

"Here comes Mr. Middleton," said his wife; "he will tell you."

With Mr. Middleton appeared Sir Thomas McRocket. Had the latter gentleman known who had preceded him in the hall, he would have deferred his visit till another time; but it was too late, and they entered the room together.

There was a marked difference in the reception accorded to the two.

Sir Thomas had succeeded in strengthening Mr. Clackitt's natural prejudice against Mr. Middleton into actual dislike; and, as he conceived that he was not at all the furtherer of his interests at the Manor House, he had no interest, as he thought, in disguising his feelings.

After a brief conversation, Sir Thomas turned to Mr. Middleton, and said—"So, your friend the

pauper is dead. General Waltham wants to know what is to become of his security."

"He is perfectly safe," said Mr. Middleton. "My visit to you this morning, Mr. Clackitt, was to tell you that you ran no risk in the matter. The heir-at-law is well known to me, and will gratefully release all who have pledged themselves."

"Oh, a few hundreds would not make any difference to me," said Mr. Clackitt, pompously. "Pray, who is the heir-at-law?"

"A stranger to you, Mr. Clackitt. A good man, whom I hope to induce to come and reside here; if so, he will be a great blessing to Inglebrook."

Mr. Clackitt was nettled. "I should say, Mr. Middleton, that, for so small a place, there is a considerable amount of help to the clergy already."

"Yes, in some respects," said Mr. Middleton, calmly; "but you know we cannot have too many good men, though we may have enough rich ones."

"Oh, you mean psalm-singers," said Sir Thomas, with a sneer. "Those are your good men, I believe?"

"Well, yes, Sir Thomas. My good men are psalm-singers. Have you any objection to psalm-singing? It is no bad thing, I think."

"Oh, certainly not, for clergy and old women," said the Baronet, who felt obliged to keep up his character before Mr. Clackitt, by attacking Mr. Middleton.

"What, are clergy and old women the only people who are to enter the kingdom of heaven?" asked Mr. Middleton.

"I'm sure I should be sorry to go anywhere where there's nothing to be heard but psalm-singing all day long," said the Baronet.

"Perhaps you would prefer being where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth?"

There was a dead silence.

"Since you have challenged me, it is my duty to remind you that there is no other alternative."

"Oh, certainly—certainly; all right. It's all in your way," said Sir Thomas, trying to shake off an uncomfortable conviction of the truth of what had been said. "For my part, I leave these things to your good folks; Clackitt and I don't pretend to be so much better than our neighbours; do we, Clackitt?"

Mr. Clackitt smiled approvingly; he was happy to be coupled with a baronet, even in infidelity.

"By 'these things' I presume you mean the cure of your soul and the salvation of Christ?" said Mr. Middleton.

"Anything you please," said Sir Thomas, with a slight yawn, and then he muttered something about its being enough to have to listen to sermons on a Sunday, and asked Mr. Clackitt if he would like to have a turn at billiards?

"I am going," said Mr. Middleton. "Don't let me drive you from your fireside; but I must have one more word with you. 'If thou warn the wicked of his way, to turn from it—if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul.'"

With grave courtesy he then left the room, shaking Mrs. Clackitt cordially by the hand. She, poor old lady, had sat listening with the deepest interest to all that passed.

"How can you suffer that fellow to take such liberties?" said the Baronet, whose anger and hatred burst forth unrestrained when they were relieved from Mr. Middleton's presence.

"Why, I never knew anything of the kind happen before. I was quite surprised, I assure you; I was not prepared for it. Highly improper!"

"Oh, he is always at that sort of cant," said Sir Thomas. "If he's a specimen of the saints, I hope they'll alter very much before they go to heaven, or they'll make it a very disagreeable place."

"Well, there's no need for a many to alter as'll go another road," said Mrs. Clackitt, "for they seem pretty nigh fit for it already."

Mr. Clackitt looked electrified.

Sir Thomas, who had seldom heard her speak of late, was little less surprised. Recovering himself, he said, with a sneer, "How he manages to come over the women! Now, I dare say, Mrs. Clackitt could preach us one of his two-hour sermons word for word?"

"I never heard a two-hour sermon from him," said the old lady.

"Well, will you favour us with a short one?"

"Eh, Sir Thomas, if you wouldn't take a text well from him as had a right to give it you, it's not likely as you'll hear a sermon from an old woman as wants teaching like yourself."

"Capital!" said the Baronet. "Clackitt, your wife is as sharp as shot. Really, ma'am, I shall tell your friend, Mr. Middleton, the next time I see him, that you do him credit."

"I'm sure he'll be glad to hear it, Sir Thomas; and I do heartily wish I could tell him the same of you."

Mr. Clackitt's anger was at its highest pitch, he was about to vent it in a thunder at his wife, but she prevented him. "Thomas, I know what you are going to say. Sir Thomas is a baronet, and I ought to know my place; but when he forgets his duty to one as is much greater, it's right as somebody should speak. I wish as you'd 'a done it, then I needn't 'a troubled."

"Greater! greater!" shouted the incensed Mr. Clackitt.

"Yes, Thomas, *greater*. Mr. Middleton is the ambassador of Christ," answered his wife.

The firmness and tranquillity of her manner, combined with the dignity of truth, overpowered her husband, and he was silent.

She turned to Sir Thomas, and said gently, "Sir Thomas, I'm an old woman. I've lived to grey hairs, as you have done, and, I am sorry to say it, I have been careless about my soul up to this time. God has been more merciful to me than I have been to myself; and through Mr. Middleton's plain speaking, he has brought me to another mind. I wish that the same plain speaking may do as good a work upon—as many as wants it." As she said these words, she left the room.

"Didn't I say we should have a sermon?" said the Baronet. "Well, before I would let that fellow lead my wife by a halter in that way, I'd—"

Rosabella entered, humming an Italian air, as usual.

"You are not a Middletonian, I presume?" he asked, affecting a jocosé air.

"Oh, save me from the infection!" said the young lady, shrugging up her shoulders.

"We've had the most beautiful piece of tragedy you ever saw," said he; "let me describe it." And in his own way he gave a flowing version of what had occurred.

Rosabella's rage—no milder term can be used—

was unbounded. "It's quite atrocious. I assure you, Sir Thomas, papa and I are vexed and annoyed beyond everything. *That man*—that *odious* man—has quite turned mamma's head. As to Priscilla, she is quite lost to me, as a sister. Pa, we *must* put a stop to it."

Mr. Clackitt, whose head soon grew confused under any excitement, and whose life of late had by no means improved his health, was in a state of bewilderment; his anger with his wife was mixed up with astonishment at her courage, which, in spite of himself, had inspired him with respect. As he followed Sir Thomas to the billiard-room, he tried to rally his spirits and chime in with the jokes, but he failed; and that day he lost an unusually large stake to Sir Thomas, who indemnified himself in this way for the annoyance he had sustained.

Rosabella, burning with indignation, determined to make a decided stand against the invasion of the family dignity and interest. She met Priscilla, who, ignorant of all that had taken place, was seeking her with the intent to offer to play some new music with her, preparatory to Rosabella's practising it with Miss McRocket.

"I will play these new duets now, if you like, Rosabella."

"Thank you," said Rosabella; "but I am so dreadfully agitated. I'm sure I couldn't play now."

Priscilla looked inquiringly.

"Oh, I know Priscilla, it's of no use to complain to you; but Sir Thomas has been so shamefully insulted by *that*—Mr. Middleton!"

"Sir Thomas insulted by Mr. Middleton! Impossible. I should think the reverse much more likely."

"Oh, of course. I knew it would be of no use to tell you. I knew what you would say; but if mamma goes on as she does now, I can only say there'll be no enduring the house with her."

"Mamma! Why, what has my mother done?"

"Why, she was not satisfied with Mr. Middleton's Methodistical impertinence, but followed it up by attacking Sir Thomas when he had left."

"My mother?"

"Yes, and you may imagine what an appearance she made. At any time, I dread to hear her speak; but to think of her volunteering to stand up as a lecturer, as Sir Thomas described. Fancy what an absurdity! She is an intolerable disgrace;"—and in a torrent of passion Rosabella proceeded to give Sir Thomas's highly-coloured version of what had taken place.

"I'm very thankful, indeed," said Priscilla, quietly—"very, that Mr. Middleton was so faithful; *that* I know he would be, if he had an opportunity; but especially that my mother was so firm. I could not have fancied she would have had the courage."

"Well, this exceeds all. Then you are glad that the best society we have ever been introduced to should be driven from the house by insults?"

"I don't hesitate to call Sir Thomas McRocket the *worst* society we have ever had, Rosabella; not the best!"

"I've no patience," said the young lady. "To think of all one's prospects in life being thwarted and destroyed by that Methodistical, hypocritical man, who—"

"Hush, Rosabella. I shall not be less plain to

you than our mother was to Sir Thomas, if you speak in those terms of Mr. Middleton. I would recommend you to try for a quieter spirit than you have at present. I will play your duet with you when you are calmer," and she went straight to her mother's room.

She found her looking intently on the open Bible.

"Here, my lamb," she said, looking up over her spectacles at Priscilla; "here's the place, I've found it—what Mr. Middleton read to Sir Thomas and your father. Oh, I was so glad. I do wish you had been there!"

And then, with perfect truth, she gave an account of all. Neither excited, nor betraying any fear as to the consequences that might fall on herself, she was only anxious that, in spite of Sir Thomas's hardness of heart, and her husband's angry spirit, the words might do a good work on them both.

"Where is it about 'the word not returning void,' my darling? we read it the other day, you know. I thought of that, and I prayed in my heart that it might not, then. You know, Priss, *every* thing is given to prayer!"

"Yes, dearest mother, it is, and I rejoice that all this has happened. I have no doubt good will come out of it."

"Priss, my darling, shall we just kneel down now and ask that it may?"

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

II.

It used to be a maxim with the bar and with juries, that "facts cannot lie," and unfortunately it has been at all times too evident that witnesses can and will lie, even upon oath, to suit their own selfish purpose, to save or shield their friends, or to escape the uncomfortable reflection of having been accessory to the punishment of others. It was small wonder, therefore, that circumstantial evidence came to be considered as the best of all evidence, and to be preferred before direct testimony. The preference, however, was founded on a fallacy, for though it is a truism that facts cannot lie, yet facts may be so represented and reported, even by trustworthy, honest witnesses, as to make the wrong appear right, and the right wrong. All we can possibly know of facts which go to make up circumstantial evidence, must be derived either from our own perceptive faculties or from the reported perceptions of other persons, and as each of these sources of information is vitiated with its peculiar possibilities of error, that is to say, both are subject to deception or delusion, evidence built up of facts is as liable to the chance of being falsely reported as is the evidence we call direct. Moreover there is always the chance of the evidentiary facts, even when they are true and fairly reported, being misinterpreted, and thus leading to irrational and erroneous inferences. There is a game, sometimes played at the fireside in winter, which well illustrates the changes which facts or circumstances undergo in passing from one to another, even when they are transmitted and received in perfect good faith. It is called the game of tradition. A dozen or more persons are sitting round the hearth; the one at the extreme right, say, writes down a brief narrative, of any description he chooses, and keeping the manuscript concealed, whispers the contents

verbatim to his neighbour; the hearer communicates it to *his* neighbour in the same inaudible manner, and thus the tradition travels on until it has reached the last member of the circle. The last player recites his version of the narrative aloud, and the original manuscript being read over, the two are compared together. The game, as may be easily imagined, is sufficiently amusing, as the most grotesque perversions of the facts sometimes appear, and proofs are not unfrequently adduced of the unconscious introduction of inferences utterly unjustifiable, where no inferences at all should have been drawn; and it is but seldom, indeed, if the tradition be of any length, that the deliverance of the last hearer of the narrative agrees substantially with the written record, while sometimes it is found to differ in *toto* in particulars which are of the very first importance.

On the other hand, it is certainly no less a fallacy to assume that direct evidence is radically stronger than circumstantial. Even where there is no ground for suspecting the honesty and truthfulness of the witnesses, it is not uncommon for them to err while desirous of testifying to the truth. No two persons can see the same act or fact in precisely the same light, or will ever bring away the same impression from scenes they have witnessed together. The traditionary transformation in all cases of transmitted facts must begin somewhere, and it is therefore plain that the first retailer of a story *may* be as much implicated in the result as the last. The truth is, that it is impossible to institute any general comparison between the two species of evidence. Both kinds must stand for what they are worth, and the conclusion to be drawn from either will depend for its rightness upon the discriminating faculty of those whose function it is to administer equal justice.

In the selection of cases of circumstantial evidence we shall begin with some which have a special character, and which to some extent may be regarded as types of the several classes under which all such cases might be arranged. We take in the first place cases of *Fabricated Facts*, which form, perhaps, the most ancient examples of circumstantial evidence of which there is any record. The oldest instance we can recall is that affectionate device of the patriarch Joseph, who caused his cup to be put into the sack of Benjamin, thus founding an apparently just charge of theft against his younger brother—unless indeed the previous act of his brethren, who by the preparation of his bloody coat masked their own evil deed, may be thought to come within the category. Probably no form of deceit has been more prevalent in all ages of the world than this, and certainly there is none that exists under such various shapes. We may be allowed to remark, parenthetically, that in some shape or other it is what nearly all sections of mankind (and womankind no less, but rather more, unless they are belied) are constantly guilty of. For what is the desperate endeavour which all are making to appear more wealthy, more considerable, more clever, talented, learned, more estimable, or admirable or praiseworthy than they are—what, in a word, are all our social hypocrisies and seemings but so much fabrication, or attempted fabrication, of evidentiary facts carried on with the design of furnishing indirect testimony on our behalf and ensuring for ourselves a favourable verdict from the rest of mankind? But this by the way—turn we now to our criminal cases.

There lived in Paris, more than a century ago, an old dame who kept a shop in a house not far distant from the Place St. Michel. She was reputed rich, and was supposed to keep her money in the house. Her only servant was a boy who had lived with her for several years; he slept in the house, but high up in the fourth story, or rather loft, which could only be reached by a staircase, such as was common in those days, outside of the house-wall, the old lady sleeping in a room on the ground floor at the back of the shop. It was the boy's duty to lock the shop door at night and retain possession of the key. One morning the neighbours found the shop door open much earlier than usual, and as there was no one to be seen in the shop, some of them, suspecting that all was not right, went in. There were no marks betokening a violent entry of the premises, but the old lady was discovered dead in her bed, having received many wounds, such wounds, to all appearance, having been inflicted with a knife; and a knife covered with blood was found lying in the middle of the shop floor. One hand of the corpse yet grasped a thick lock of hair, and in the other was a neck-handkerchief. It was proved beyond doubt that the knife and the neck-handkerchief belonged to the boy who had been so long her servant, and the lock of hair also matched his exactly. He was arrested, charged with the crime, and (probably under torture) confessed it, and suffered capital punishment as a murderer. He was innocent, notwithstanding. Not very long after his execution another boy, a servant in a neighbouring wine-shop, being taken into custody for another offence, and seized with the pangs of remorse, confessed to the murder of the old dame. He had long been familiarly acquainted with the shop-boy, who had suffered innocently, and had been in the habit of dressing his hair. He had managed by degrees to save up enough of the lad's hair from the comb he made use of to make into a tolerably stout lock, and this he had put into the hand of the dead woman. He had stolen one of the boy's neck-handkerchiefs, and also his knife, and by taking an impression in wax of the key, had been able to construct another by which to gain entrance to the shop. At the first glance the evidence in this case seems at once clear, natural, and spontaneous; but the very completeness of the evidentiary facts ought to have aroused suspicion; and there is no doubt that had a rigid investigation been set on foot, the innocence of the accused would have been established.

A case of fabricated evidence of a sufficiently remarkable kind occurred near Hull in the year 1742. A gentleman travelling to that place was stopped late in the evening, about seven miles from the town, by a masked highwayman, who robbed him of a purse containing twenty guineas. The highwayman galloped off by a side road, and the traveller, in no way injured save in purse, continued his journey. It was now growing late, and, being excited and alarmed by what had happened, he naturally looked out for a place of shelter, and, instead of riding on to Hull, stopped at the first inn he came to, which was the "Bell Inn," kept by Mr. James Brunell. He went into the kitchen to give directions for his supper, and there he related to several persons the fact of his having been robbed, to which he added the further information that when he travelled he always gave his gold a peculiar mark, and that every guinea in the purse taken from him was thus marked. He

hoped, therefore, that the robber would yet be detected. Supper being ready, he withdrew. The gentleman had not long finished his supper, when Mr. Brunell came into the parlour where he was, and, after the usual inquiries of landlords as to the desires of the guest, observed, "Sir, I understand you have been robbed in this neighbourhood this evening?" "Yes," said the traveller, "I have." "And your money was marked?" continued the landlord. "It was so," was the reply. "A circumstance has arisen," resumed Mr. Brunell, "which leads me to think I can point out the robber. Pray at what time in the evening were you stopped?" "It was just setting in to be dark," replied the traveller. "The time confirms my suspicions," said the landlord, and he then informed the gentleman that he had a waiter, one John Jennings, who had of late been so very full of money, and so very extravagant, that he (the landlord) had been surprised at it, and had determined to part with him, his conduct being every way suspicious; that long before dark that day he had sent out Jennings to change a guinea for him; that the man had only come back since the arrival of the traveller, saying he could not get change; and that, seeing Jennings to be in liquor, he had sent him off to bed, determined to discharge him in the morning. Mr. Brunell continued to say, that when the guinea was brought back to him, it struck him that it was not the same which he had sent out for change, there being on the returned one a mark which he was very sure was not upon the other; but that he should probably have thought no more of the matter, Jennings having frequently had gold in his pocket of late, had not the people in the kitchen told him what the traveller had related respecting the robbery, and the circumstance of the guineas being marked. He (Mr. Brunell) had not been present when this relation was made, and, unluckily, before he heard of it from the people in the kitchen, he had paid away the guinea to a man who lived at some distance, and who had now gone home. "The circumstance, however," said the landlord in conclusion, "struck me so very strongly, that I could not refrain, as an honest man, from coming and giving you information of it."

Mr. Brunell was duly thanked for his disclosure. There appeared from it the strongest reasons for suspecting Jennings; and if, on searching him, any others of the marked guineas should be found, and the gentleman could identify them, there would then remain no doubt in the matter. It was now agreed to go up to his room. Jennings was fast asleep; his pockets were searched, and from one of them was drawn forth a purse containing exactly nineteen guineas. Suspicion now became certainty; for the traveller declared the purse and guineas to be identically those of which he had been robbed. Assistance was called; Jennings was awakened, dragged out of bed, and charged with the robbery. He denied it firmly; but the circumstances against him were too strong, and he was not believed. He was secured that night, and next day was taken before a justice of the peace. The gentleman and Mr. Brunell deposed to the facts upon oath; and Jennings, having no proofs, nothing but mere assertions of innocence, which could not be credited, was committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

So strong seemed the case against him, that most of the man's friends advised him to plead guilty, and throw himself on the mercy of the court. This

advice he rejected, and when arraigned pleaded not guilty. The prosecutor swore to the fact of the robbery; though as it took place in the dusk, and the highwayman wore a mask, he could not swear to the person of the prisoner, but thought him of the same stature nearly as the man who robbed him. To the purse and guineas, when they were produced in court, he swore—as to the purse positively, and as to the marked guineas to the best of his belief; and he testified to their having been taken from the pocket of the prisoner.

The prisoner's master, Mr. Brunell, deposed as to the sending of Jennings for the change of a guinea, and to the waiter's having brought him back a marked one instead of the one he had given him unmarked. He also gave evidence as to the discovery of the purse and guineas on the prisoner. To consummate the proof, the man to whom Mr. Brunell had paid the guinea, as mentioned, came forward and produced the coin, testifying at the same time that he had received it on the evening of the robbery from the prisoner's master in payment of a debt; and the prosecutor, on comparing it with the other nineteen, swore to its being, to the best of his belief, one of the twenty marked coins taken from him by the highwayman, and of which the other nineteen were found on Jennings.

The judge summed up the evidence, pointing out all the concurring circumstances against the prisoner; and the jury, convinced by this strong accumulation of testimony, without going out of court, brought in a verdict of guilty. Jennings was executed some short time afterwards at Hull, repeatedly declaring his innocence up till the moment of his execution.

Within a twelvemonth afterwards, Brunell, the master of Jennings, was himself taken up for a robbery committed on a guest in his house, and the fact being proved on trial, he was convicted and ordered for execution. The approach of death brought on repentance and confession. Brunell not only acknowledged he had been guilty of many highway robberies, but owned that he had committed the very one for which poor Jennings suffered. The account which he gave was, that after robbing the traveller, he had got home before him by swifter riding and by a nearer way. That he found a man at home waiting for him, to whom he owed a little bill, and to whom, not having enough of other money in his pocket, he gave away one of the guineas which he had just obtained by robbery. Presently came in the robbed gentleman, who, whilst Brunell, not knowing of his arrival, was in the stable, told his tale, as before related, in the kitchen. The gentleman had scarcely left the kitchen before Brunell entered it, and there, to his consternation, heard of the facts, and of the guineas being marked. He became dreadfully alarmed. The guinea which he had paid away he dared not ask back again; and as the affair of the robbery, as well as the circumstance of the marked guineas, would soon become publicly known, he saw nothing before him but detection, disgrace, and death. In this dilemma the thought of accusing and sacrificing poor Jennings occurred to him. The state of intoxication in which Jennings was, gave him an opportunity of concealing the purse of money in the waiter's pocket. The rest the reader knows.

James Harris kept a public-house within eighteen miles of York, having in his service a man named Morgan, who to his other occupations added that of

gardener. It happened that one Grey, a blacksmith, journeying on foot to Edinburgh, supped and slept at this public-house. Next morning Morgan deposed before a magistrate that his master strangled Grey in his bed—that he actually saw him commit the murder—that he in vain endeavoured to prevent it, his master insisting that the man was in a fit, and that he was merely endeavouring to assist him. Morgan further swore, that, affecting to believe this, he left the room; but after retiring looked through the key-hole, and saw the murderer rifling the pockets of the deceased. Harris, as well he might, vehemently denied the accusation, and, haplessly for himself, threatened a prosecution for perjury. As no mark of violence was visible on the body, Harris was on the point of being discharged, when the maid-servant demanded to be heard. She swore that from a wash-house window, as she was descending the stairs, she saw her master take some gold from his pocket, and having carefully wrapped it up, bury it under a tree in the garden, the position of which she indicated. Upon this Harris turned pale, and the earth under the tree having been searched by a constable, thirty pounds in gold was found wrapped up in paper. Harris then admitted that he had buried the money for security's sake, but, answered in so confused and hesitating a manner that he was committed. He was tried at York for the murder. The man, the maid, the constable, and the magistrate were all examined, and no suspicion attaching to their testimony, a verdict of guilty was at once pronounced. He died protesting his innocence, and ere long his innocence became manifest to all men. The real facts were as follows. In a quarrel between Harris and his servant, Morgan received a blow and vowed revenge. Soon afterwards, Grey's arrival furnished the opportunity. The part which the servant-maid played in the business is explained by the fact that she and the gardener were sweethearts. Seeing her master one day apparently hiding something under a tree, she apprised Morgan, who, on digging, found five guineas concealed there. On this, they agreed to purloin the hoard when it should amount to a sum sufficient to enable them to set up in business. But Harris's threat of a prosecution for perjury so terrified the girl, that she resolved to save her lover by the sacrifice both of the money and of her master's life. A subsequent quarrel, the not unusual consequence of guilt like theirs, betrayed the truth. They died of jail fever, on the day previous to that appointed for their trial. It was afterwards ascertained that Grey had had two apoplectic fits, and had never been in possession of five pounds at a time in his life.

In this melancholy case it will be observed that the victim of circumstantial evidence himself unconsciously prepared the principal fact which told against him. The case is a scandal and a disgrace to the jurisprudence of that day, inasmuch as an ordinary scrutiny into the details must have established the innocence of the accused.

RARE BIRD FROM SAMOA.

THE following letter of Dr. Livingstone will be read with interest as among his latest writings before leaving England. It will serve as the best introduction to some notes on a rare and curious bird, which have been forwarded, along with a specimen, by the Rev. S. J. Whitmee, missionary in the Samoan

islands. The letter is addressed to Mr. Whitmee's father-in-law, Dr. Turner, an old college friend of Dr. Livingstone, at Glasgow, the translator of the Bible into the Samoan language. Mr. Whitmee mentions in his letter that the "Leisure Hour" is read in a Samoan Book Club, which includes members of four or five nationalities. We have often been indebted to the missionaries in the South Seas for valuable communications, both literary and scientific. In our January part of this year appeared a Polynesian drama, from Mangaia, in the South Pacific, in which a native tradition of Captain Cook was written and printed for the first time.

"Botanic Garden, Oxford, June 19, 1865.

"My dear Dr. Turner,—Dr. Rolleston, the curator of the new museum here, a very excellent man, and likely to be a very distinguished one as a physiologist, is very desirous to obtain a small bird of the same family as the extinct dodo which is to be found in the Samoa islands; and as I know you to be willing to promote any scientific object, I have taken the liberty to mention your name as likely to be able to procure the bird, and send it home to him. It is a fruit-eating pigeon, and you will know its bill, being of the same shape as that of the dodo. If the abdomen is opened, and the bird put in spirits, it would come home in the state in which he could dissect and use it. If you have none where you are located, will you kindly request Mr. Drummond to oblige my friend Dr. Rolleston in this matter, and present my kindest remembrances to him. I am busy preparing to go out to a part of Africa away from the Portuguese, who, by their slaving, baffle every effort at doing good in East Africa. I hope to open the country north of Cape Delgado to lawful commerce and Christian missions. The first opening made was occupied by the late Bishop Mackenzie, and has since been shut. With good wishes for your continued welfare and success, I am, &c.,

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

We subjoin Mr. Whitmee's notes on one of the specimens obtained in response to Dr. Livingstone's request.

The *Didunculus strigirostris*, or tooth-billed pigeon of the Samoan islands, is one of the nearest approximations to the famous dodo. It received its generic name of *didunculus* (little dodo) from its resemblance to that now extinct bird. It has only been found in the Samoan, or Navigator's islands, in the South Pacific, and will itself before long become extinct. It is now so scarce that the greatest difficulty is experienced in securing a specimen. Few of the natives of the islands have ever seen the bird. Here and there an old man may be found who remembers the time when it was easily procured in the bush, and greatly esteemed as an article of food for the highest chiefs. Those familiar with tales of Samoa in the olden times, say it was once owned as private property, and "preserved" as game is in England at the present day. But this was before the introduction of the fowl into the group. Within a comparatively recent period, a travelling party belonging to the dominant tribe, or clan, on arriving at a village of a subject tribe where they intended to spend the day, would order the chief men of the village to procure them a certain number of the *didunculus* before night. If they failed to provide the birds, a severe cudgelling would be the consequence; a punishment which etiquette (or fear) required them meekly to bear.

The *didunculus* roosts on low stumps or roots of trees, and thus readily falls a victim to the wild cats, which have become numerous in the Samoan islands, although the cat has been comparatively recently introduced. During the past seven years only six specimens (I believe) have been secured;

and these only after patient waiting and watching in the places the bird is known to frequent. It is generally taken when very young, before it becomes strong on the wing; or during the period of incubation, when, in consequence of the closeness with

with a peculiar whir, resembling the noise made by a pheasant rising in cover more than any thing I know. This gives rise to a Samoan phrase, "As noisy as a manu-mea." It has also a remarkable manner of walking with a heavy thumping sound. It runs



DIDUNCULUS, OR LITTLE DODO.

which the birds sit upon the nest, the natives sometimes secure them. The duty of incubation is performed alternately by both male and female.

The native name of the didunculus is *Manu-mea*. *Manu* is the generic name for an animal, specially a bird; *mea* indicates the colour, meaning yellowish brown, as sear leaves. The bird is about twelve inches in length, including the head and tail; and about the same from tip to tip of the extended wings. It has the head of a rapacious bird on the body of a pigeon. In the form of the bill, and several other respects, it differs from all other known species. The upper mandible is convex and strongly hooked at the point. The lower mandible is truncated, and fits into the curve of the upper one; it has also three well-defined teeth on either side of it. There is a membrane in the sides of the upper mandible, in which are placed the elongated nostrils. The bird is powerful on the wing, and flies

very rapidly. In the adult condition the back, upper portion of the wings, and tail are chocolate-red, exceedingly glossy and beautiful; the head, neck, and breast are olive or greenish black; the legs and feet bright scarlet; the beak is orange, tipped with yellowish white; claws yellowish white. There is a bright orange circle around the eyes, the iris of which is dark.

The male bird has a very savage look, and his conduct towards other birds in confinement with him is in keeping with his appearance. The specimen from which the illustration was taken was extremely spiteful to all the other inmates of the aviary, except some very small birds which seemed to be beneath his notice. On the introduction of a new arrival, it invariably had to endure the most implacable persecution from the lord of the aviary. At the end of a week the poor new-comer presented a most pitiable figure, the result of the drubbing it had endured.

This was the "footing," which all had to pay; after which matters went on peaceably so long as the underlings did not forget their subject condition. Yet our didunculus was a very shy bird, and never would become tame, even with those constantly feeding it. When approached it would run into a corner, or flutter about in fright. It never attempted to bite when taken in the hand. At feeding-time it would sit at a safe distance eyeing the food, the body quivering with a singular vibration from head to tail. This appeared to be rage at seeing the tamer birds come near to the person feeding them, and taking a first share of the food. I often noticed the same vibration of the body when it was approached: it was probably produced both by fear and rage. As soon as the person feeding them had retired, he would fly to the food, driving the other birds pell-mell, and eat in solitary dignity till he had satisfied himself. The didunculus is a very wasteful animal in eating. It takes a large bite from the fruit or other food, breaks it in pieces with its mandibles, and with a shake of the head every time it swallows, scatters the particles all around it. The natives often find out the haunts of the bird by the fragments of food which it leaves. It rarely picks up a broken piece. From this comes another Samoan phrase, "As wasteful as a manu-mea."

The bird from which the illustration was taken was secured in October, 1868, before it was fully fledged. At that time the plumage was very dark, with only a slight tinge of chocolate on the wings and back. The legs and mandibles were nearly black, and the circles around the eyes were covered with feathers.

The teeth in the lower mandible were scarcely discernible. Some who had only seen adult specimens were doubtful whether it was the true didunculus. After two months the plumage, legs, and beak began to change into the natural colour of the adult. At the end of ten months from the time I obtained it, and when it was, I think, about a year old, it presented the appearance accurately represented in the accompanying illustration. I believe another month would have completed the development of the colours. The hooked portion of the upper mandible was dark, and the claws darker than in the fully developed bird. At this stage it unfortunately killed itself (while the picture was being taken) by knocking its head against the wires of the aviary while chasing another pigeon. The figure will show the general appearance and habit of the bird. It is taken in the act of feeding upon the fruit of the papaw (*Carica papyra*), of which it was very fond in its confinement. It was also fed upon cooked taro (*Arum esculentum*) and bread-fruit. When at liberty it feeds chiefly upon a species of wild yam (*Dioscorea*).

The bird itself, preserved in spirits of wine, I have presented to Allen Thomson, Esq., F.R.S., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Glasgow, in order that its skeleton may be preserved in the Hunterian Museum in that university. A few months ago the Rev. G. Turner, LL.D., of the Samoan mission, presented a female specimen of the didunculus to Professor Rolleston, of the University of Oxford, for preservation in the Ashmolean Museum in that university, where one of the only two skulls of the dodo in the world is also preserved. S. J. W.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S., LL.D.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, having been elected to succeed Professor Stokes as President of the British Association, commences his official duties at the meeting held this month at Liverpool. The claims of the new president to this high post are well known to scientific men, and to the general public may be briefly stated in the words with which his name was introduced when he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Edinburgh. On that occasion, which, by the way, was when Thomas Carlyle was installed as rector of the University, Professor Muirhead, who acted as orator, used the following words: "I present to you, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, as judged worthy by the senate to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, Mr. Thomas Henry Huxley, a Fellow of the Royal Society, Professor of Natural History at the School of Mines, and Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons of England. Trained to the medical profession, Mr. Huxley became in early life an assistant-surgeon in the Royal Navy; and it was while serving in that capacity in one of her Majesty's ships, then engaged in a survey of the coasts of Australia and New Guinea, that he acquired his unrivalled knowledge of marine zoology, and vindicated his claims to be regarded as one of the most accomplished naturalists of the day. His appointment soon after his return to this country to the Chair of Natural History in the Government School in Jernyn Street gave him the opportunity of turning his attention to paleontological inquiries; and the results of his labours in that field are embodied in a series of valuable and most interesting papers descriptive of various extinct forms of animals. As Hunterian Professor in the College of Surgeons of England, he has delivered several courses of lectures on the comparative anatomy of the vertebrata, lectures which, not less than his contributions to the transactions of learned societies, testify to his remarkable perspicuity and his rare power of discriminating the relations of structures in complicated forms of animal life." We now supplement the above brief outline of his scientific career with some additional information respecting his varied investigations and his published writings.

Professor Huxley was born at Ealing, Middlesex, in 1825, and was educated at Ealing School. He studied medicine with much success at the Medical School of the Charing Cross Hospital; and in 1846, at the age of twenty-one, was appointed assistant-surgeon to H.M.'s ship "Rattlesnake," then about to sail on a surveying cruise in the Southern seas. The "Rattlesnake," one of the old class of 28-gun ships, was commanded by Captain Owen Stanley, a brother of Dr. Stanley, the present Dean of Westminster. This gentleman, after the successful accomplishment of the principal objects of the expedition, died at Sydney, in March, 1850. A narrative of the voyage was written by John Macgillivray, the naturalist to the expedition, with illustrations from drawings made by Mr. Huxley. In the preface to his volumes, published in 1852, by authority of the Admiralty, the author thus refers to his scientific companion, the assistant-surgeon of the "Rattle-

sake."

snake":—"It affords me great pleasure to record my obligations to T. H. Huxley, Esq., R.N., for the handsome manner in which he allowed me to select from his collection of drawings those which now appear as illustrations; and I may express the hope which, in common with many others, I entertain, that the whole of his researches in marine zoology may speedily be laid before the scientific world."

The first-fruit of these researches was a paper entitled, "On the Anatomy and Affinities of the Family of the Medusæ," read before the Royal Society in 1849, and while Mr. Huxley was still at the Antipodes. This paper, sent to Bishop Stanley, of Norwich, the father of the commander of the "Rattlesnake" and a Fellow of the Royal Society, was communicated by him to that learned body, and appears to have been prepared early in 1848 at Sydney. In it the author expresses his obligations to his friend, the able naturalist, Mr. William McLeay, with whom he held communications on matters scientific when in New South Wales.

The memoir on the Medusæ (popularly sea nettles, a class of gelatinous radiate animals), which occupies twenty-one pages of the Philosophical Transactions, gives proof of rare powers of observation and analysis, and is marked by a width of reasoning all the more remarkable in so young a naturalist; for it must be remembered that Mr. Huxley was then only in his twenty-third year. No class of animals, he remarks in the opening paragraph, has been investigated with so little satisfactory and comprehensive result as the family of the Medusæ, not from any want of ability and patience on the part of such observers as Ehrenberg, Milne-Edwards, and De Blainville, but because they have contented themselves with stating matters of detail concerning particular genera and species instead of giving broad and general views of the whole class, considered as organised on a given type, and inquiring into its relations with other families. "It is my intention," he adds, "to supply this want in the present paper. I am fully aware of the difficulty of my task, and of my own incompetency to treat it as might be wished; but on the other hand, I may perhaps plead that in the course of a cruise of some months along the east coast of Australia and in Bass's Strait, I have enjoyed peculiar opportunities for investigations of this kind, and that the study of other families, hitherto but imperfectly known, has done much towards suggesting a clue in unravelling many complexities at first sight not very intelligible." We here find early indications of that philosophic breadth of view which is a marked characteristic of all the writings of Mr. Huxley. Mr. Huxley's next paper, entitled, "Observations upon the Anatomy and Physiology of Salpa and Pyrosoma," was communicated to the Royal Society through another great naturalist, the lamented Professor Edward Forbes. The Salpæ are those strange gelatinous animals through masses of which the voyager on the great ocean sometimes sails day after day. Favourable opportunities were afforded to Mr. Huxley of studying the structure of Salpæ at Cape York, in November, 1849; for a time the sea was absolutely crowded with these creatures in all stages of growth, and of a size very convenient for examination. At subsequent periods he had occasion repeatedly to verify the conclusions at which he had arrived in regard to the Salpæ, and to find strong analogical confirmation in the structure of Pyrosoma and other

allied genera. Mr. Huxley's investigations were necessarily original and independent of anything going on in Europe. As it happened, his conclusions in this department of marine life were anticipated by M. Krohn, who published the result of his researches in the "Annales des Sciences" for 1846. This was not known to Mr. Huxley until his return home. The fact that two independent observers arrived at the same main results, gives naturally an enhanced value to such scientific findings. Having returned to England in November, 1850, Mr. Huxley was soon afterwards elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and so he was able in his own person to read his next contribution to that learned body on the subject of Marine Zoology. This was entitled, "On the Morphology of the Cephalous Mollusca, as illustrated by the Anatomy of certain Heteropoda and Pteropoda." The paper occupied the two evenings of the 13th and 27th May, 1852. To the "Annals of Natural History" Mr. Huxley also contributed several articles headed, "Zoological Notes and Observations made on board H.M.S. 'Rattlesnake,' during the years 1846-50."

On 1st December, 1859, he read before the Linnean Society, of which he is a fellow, a paper "On the Anatomy and Development of Pyrosoma," in which he followed up the researches detailed in the memoir read to the Royal Society eight years previously. A communication on the same subject was also made by him to Section D, at the meeting of the British Association held at Oxford in 1860. Since his return to England he has taken an active part in the work of the British Association. Among his varied labours in this connection we may instance his valuable Report on the "Ascidians," communicated in 1852; and his able presidency over the biological section at the meeting of the Association last held at Cambridge.

On the 30th April, 1852, we find that Mr. Huxley made his first appearance as a lecturer at the Royal Institution. For a considerable number of years from that time he gave a lecture yearly. A glance at the titles of these lectures will give an indication of the nature of his studies during the period in question. His first lecture was upon "Animal Individuality." In his next, "On the Identity of Structure of Plants and Animals," he directed his remarks to the essential nature of organisation; and in that given in May, 1854, "On the Common Plan of Animal Forms," he referred to a short essay by Goethe, the last which proceeded from his pen, containing a critical account of a discussion bearing upon the doctrine of the unity of organisation of animals, which had then (1830) just taken place in the French Academy. Goethe said that for him this controversy was of more importance than the Revolution of July, which immediately followed it; a declaration which might be regarded as a prophecy; for while the *Charte*, and those who established it, have vanished, as if they had never been, the doctrine of the unity of organisation retains a profound interest and importance for those who study the science of life. A lecture "On the Development of Animal Life in Time" was succeeded by another of a most useful and valuable character, "On Natural History, as a means of Knowledge, Discipline, and Power." From this last we give the following extract:—"In travelling from one end to the other of the scale of life we are taught that nature is not a mechanism but a power; not a mere rough

engine-house for the due keeping of pleasure and pain machines, but a palace whose foundations are laid on the strictest and safest mechanical principles, but whose superstructure is a manifestation of the highest and noblest art. If we have a right to conclude from the marks of beneficent design, to an infinite Intellect and Benevolence, in some sort similar to our own, than from the existence of a beauty (nay, even of a humour), and of a predominant harmonious variety in unity in nature, which, if the work of man, would be regarded as the highest art, we are similarly bound to conclude that the æsthetic faculties of the human soul have also been foreshadowed in the Infinite Mind." Among the subjects of lectures afterwards delivered before the Royal Institution, we may mention the following:—"On the Persistent Types of Animal Life," "On Species and Races and their Origin," "On the Nature of the Earliest Stages of the Development of Animals," "On Fossil Remains of Man," "On the Methods and Results of Ethnology," and "On the Animals which are most nearly Intermediate between Birds and Reptiles."

Mr. Huxley has been twice appointed to the Fullerian Professorship of Physiology at the Royal Institution. In 1854, when Professor Edward Forbes was elected to the chair of natural history in the University of Edinburgh, Professor Huxley succeeded him in the natural history professorship at the School of Mines. This position he still holds. In the discharge of its duties he was led necessarily into palæontological inquiries, and as a palæontologist he has taken high rank.

A course of six lectures, "On our Knowledge of the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature," was delivered to working men at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street, and afterwards published. In this little work he thus states his views as to the unity of race in man: "I am one of those who believe that, at present, there is no evidence whatever for saying that mankind sprang originally from any more than a single pair; I must say that I cannot see any good ground whatever, on any tenable sort of evidence, for believing that there is more than one species of man." Other courses of a like character he has given at the same place. Soon after Mr. Huxley became Professor of Comparative Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons of England, he published a volume of lectures "On the Elements of Comparative Anatomy," which he dedicated to his "old and staunch friend," George Busk, Esq., F.R.S. Mr. Busk, eminent as an anatomist, was associated with him in the translation from the German, with notes, of Professor Kölliker's "Manual of Human Histology," for the Sydenham Society. "The present work," says Mr. Huxley, in the preface to "The Elements of Comparative Anatomy," "contains substantially the lectures which I delivered in the spring of 1863 at the Royal College of Surgeons of England, in discharge of my duty as Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology. I purpose, should I continue to hold that honourable office, to publish the substance of subsequent courses in a similar manner, and by that process to bring out eventually a comprehensive though condensed work on comparative anatomy. In *intention*, therefore, the volume now before the reader is the first of a series; to be followed in due order by a second, 'On Man and the other *Primates*;' a third, on the remaining

Mammalia, and so on. Whether this intention will ever be fully carried out depends on so many contingencies that I have thought it the better course to let each volume remain in form independent of the rest." This first volume is now out of print, and no other of the series has yet appeared. "An Introduction to the Classification of Animals" was published in 1869, but this work formed the first part of the lectures published in 1864, and was re-issued that it might serve as a text-book to lecturers and students attending lectures on comparative anatomy and zoology. The author acknowledges his obligations to his friend Dr. Pye-Smith, who saw the work through the press; and also prepared for it a valuable glossary. The volume entitled "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," appeared in 1863, and consists of three essays: 1st. "On the Natural History of the Man-like Apes;" 2nd. "On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals;" and 3rd. "On some Fossil Remains of Man." The substance of the essays had before been published in the form of oral discourses addressed to widely-different audiences. Upon the subject of the second essay two lectures were delivered to the members of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh in 1862. This work has been translated into French, German, and Italian. "Lessons in Elementary Physiology" was issued in 1866, and a second edition in 1868. This little volume is intended for a text-book for teachers and learners in boys' and girls' schools. It has been translated into French, and a German version is in preparation. "An Elementary Atlas of Comparative Anatomy" is also designed to assist students. The objects were selected and arranged by Professor Huxley, and drawn on stone by B. W. Hawkins. In twelve plates is shown a comparative view of similar parts of the skeletons of such animals as are more easily accessible. Here we may also mention that to Mr. Samuel Laing's "Pre-historic Remains of Caithness" Professor Huxley contributed an appendix on the skulls found at Caithness, referred to in that work.

Some idea may be given of the variety of our author's scientific researches and of his literary activity when we say that, in addition to his published works and his professional courses of lectures, he has made, at a moderate estimate, not less than one hundred elaborate scientific communications in various forms to different institutions and societies. His public lectures have been numerous, a collection of which, with other pieces, has been published with the title "Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews." In a lecture "On the Educational Value of Natural History," delivered at St. Martin's Hall in 1854, occurs the following passage:—"There is yet another way in which natural history may, I am convinced, take a profound hold upon practical life, and that is by its influence over the finer feelings, as the greatest of all sources of that pleasure which is derived from beauty. I do not pretend that natural history knowledge as such can increase our sense of the beautiful in natural objects. I do not suppose that the dead soul of Peter Bell, of whom the great poet of nature says—

'A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more,'

would have been a whit roused from its apathy by the information that the primrose is a Dicotyledonous

exogen, with a monopetalous corolla and central placentation. But I advocate natural history knowledge from this point of view, because it would lead us to seek the beauties of natural objects instead of trusting to chance to force them on our attention. To a person uninstructed in natural history, his country or sea-side stroll is a walk through a gallery filled with wonderful works of art, nine-tenths of which have their faces turned to the wall. Teach him something of natural history, and you place in his hands a catalogue of those which are worth turning round. Surely our innocent pleasures are not so abundant in this life that we can afford to despise this, or any source of them."

The lectures on the Vertebrate Cranium—included in the volume published in 1864—are remarkable for the lucid way in which one of the most complex subjects in the whole range of anatomical sciences is treated, and we may here say that Professor Huxley differs from the high authority of Professor Owen as to the nature of the skull, as, indeed, he does on not a few other points in anatomy and palæontology—differences which he has been at no pains to conceal, either in his oral addresses or published writings. In a speech delivered at the Pre-historic Congress held at Norwich in 1868, he depreciated all ethnological systems on which the shape of the skull is erected into the principal standard by which the position and affinities of the race are to be judged. The characteristics on which he relies are *complexion, hair, and eyes*; guided by these he divides mankind into four great types, viz., Australoid, Negroid, Mongoloid, and Xanthochroid or Blond.

A writer, speaking of Professor Huxley's lectures from the Hunterian chair which he so ably fills, says: "Never before in England have all the leading and most significant facts of animal structure been so exhibited; never have all the most complex and intricate questions of zoology been treated with such clearness and completeness—such boldness and yet with such caution, such patient, original investigation, and yet with so much scrupulous justice to the labours of others. It is impossible to speak too highly of the admirable lucidity with which Mr. Huxley enunciates facts and the conclusions he deduces from them, or, on the other hand, of the exemplary caution with which facts are verified and weighed and a prudent suspension of judgment recommended where many would be tempted to pronounce a definitive decision. When, however, the facts seem to him to warrant an absolute judgment, or to point to a strong probability, the announcement is made accordingly with a conscientious boldness deserving of all praise."

In a lecture at the Royal Institution on the 6th of June, 1856, Professor Tyndall brought forward certain views regarding the origin of slaty cleavage. Some time afterwards, Mr. Huxley, in a letter to the lecturer, drew his attention to certain observations made by the late Principal J. D. Forbes and the cause assigned by him for the veined or laminar structure of glacier ice. It was suggested by Huxley that slaty cleavage might be owing to a like cause. The suggestion was thought of such importance that Messrs. Tyndall and Huxley projected an expedition to Switzerland, and together visited the glaciers of Grindelwald, the Aar, and the Rhone. In this expedition commenced the series of investigations by which Tyndall is thought by many to have refuted the viscous theory of glacier motion propounded by

Forbes, maintaining that the motion of glaciers is the result of the minute, almost molecular *fracture and regelation* of the ice particles, which move as if they were sand continually thawing and re-freezing.

Professor Huxley's palæontological investigations are very various, and are embodied in numerous scattered papers communicated to the Royal Geological and other kindred societies; some of these we can only briefly notice. In the Royal Society's Proceedings for 1862 is a description by him of a new specimen of *Glyptodon*, recently acquired by the Royal College of Surgeons; and in the Philosophical Transactions for 1864, appears an elaborate paper "On the Osteology of the Genus *Glyptodon*." The *Glyptodon*, a gigantic edentate (toothless) fossil animal, which abounds in the tertiary of South America, is allied to the existing armadillos.

In his monograph on the structure of the Belemnitide, published in the memoirs of the Geological Survey, Professor Huxley clears up many points in the organisation of these extinct cephalopods, so rare in the ocean of the cretaceous period. To the same memoirs he has furnished a preliminary essay upon the systematic arrangement of the fishes of the Devonian epoch. Among numerous papers communicated by him from time to time to the Geological Society, we may mention those recently read, "On the Affinity between the Dinosaurian Reptiles and Birds," and "On the Classification of the Dinosauria, with Observations on the Dinosauria of the Trias." The remains of these animals were found near Clifton, in certain rocks in the Bristol area called dolomitic conglomerate. Worthy of mention, too, are his notices of reptilian remains, found in the Upper Elgin Sandstones. A fossil reptilian bone, from the Keuper Sandstone, south-east of Warwick, was brought to Professor Huxley, which he was unable to distinguish from the corresponding part of the reptile from the Elgin Sandstones which he had before described and named *Hyperodapedon*. From the identity of these fossils, Sir Roderick Murchison was constrained to alter his opinion as to the age of the Elgin beds, and to pronounce them Upper Triassic.

A full account of the remarkable evidences of reptilian life in the carboniferous period is given in a memoir "On a Collection of Fossil Vertebrata from the Jarrow Colliery, County of Kilkeny, Ireland," published in the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," for 1867.

Professor Huxley has held the post of secretary to the Geological Society. Eight years ago, in the absence of Mr. Leonard Horner, the president, it fell to him in his then official position to draw up the customary annual address. In discharging this duty he endeavoured to "take stock" of that portion of the science of biology which is known as "palæontology," by separating the well-established from the hypothetical or doubtful. Having to give, in February last, as retiring president of the society (an honour held for the two preceding years), the annual address, he then took occasion to review his former conclusions in the light of recent discoveries, and to sum up all the evidence bearing upon the doctrine of evolution.

Professor Huxley professes himself an evolutionist. Evolutionism, as the geological creed of the future, he predicts is destined to take the place alike of catastrophism and uniformitarianism. "Evolutionists hold," to use his own words, "that the present conformation of the earth's crust, and the distribution

of land and water, and the infinitely diversified forms of animals and plants which constitute its present population, are merely the final terms in an immense series of changes which have been brought about in the course of immeasurable time, by the operation of causes more or less similar to those which are at work at the present day."

In our notice of the scientific career of this indefatigable worker, we have restricted ourselves to a bare enumeration of facts. Some of his opinions have been much questioned, both by scientific and other writers. In particular, certain statements or modes of expression which seemed to savour of materialism in a lecture "On the Physical Basis of Life," delivered in Edinburgh in November, 1868, and afterwards published in the pages of the "Fortnightly Review," have afforded ground for adverse comment. In that paper he has, however, expressly said, "I, individually, am no materialist, but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error." And we may also instance its concluding words: "The man of science, who, forgetting the limits of philosophical inquiry, slides from these formulæ and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism, seems to me to place himself on a level with the mathematician who should mistake the *x*'s and *y*'s with which he works his problems for entities; and with this further disadvantage, as compared with the mathematician, that the blunders of the latter are of no practical consequence, while the errors of systematic materialism may paralyse the energies and destroy the beauty of a life."

The views of Professor Huxley which have been specially questioned, on the ground of their supposed materialistic tendency, are those which he has announced in connection with his pursuit of life into its protoplasm, or elementary life stuff, which he affirms to be the common basis of all life—the real atom out of which all organisms are built up. When he is twitted with the materialistic tendency of this proposition he does not content himself with the avowal of contrary convictions, but, with great power of debate and pungency of expression, carries the war into his enemy's country, and attacks some cherished but ill-guarded statement of the unscientific critic. Yet, in truth, there is nothing in the professor's views to provoke the charge. He has simply, if he has done anything, pushed back the mystery of life one step, leaving it quite as easy to put faith in higher testimony as it was before. In regard to all such investigations, on the line of natural science, he has himself expressed the true limits when he says, in his lectures to working men, "All our knowledge and all our investigation cannot take us beyond the limits set by the finite and restricted character of our faculties, or destroy the endless unknown which accompanies, like its shadow, the endless procession of phenomena."

The employment of physical science methods, and the results of such employment, can never touch the metaphysical and spiritual problems which lie beyond it. It is impossible in the nature of things that they should. Let there be freedom granted on both lines of inquiry, with profound increasing gratitude for the explanations vouchsafed to us in holy writ on subjects beyond the range of natural science.

In an address to the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association, recently published, on Descartes's "Discourse touching the Method of using

One's Reason rightly, and of seeking Scientific Truth," Professor Huxley makes special reference to the relation in which he conceives scientific inquiries stand to Christianity. Without here discussing the soundness or unsoundness of his opinion, we quote his words in concluding our notice of his labours:—"When you did me the honour to ask me to deliver this address," he says, "I confess I was perplexed what topic to select; for you are emphatically and distinctly a Christian body; while science and philosophy, within the range of which lie all the topics on which I could venture to speak, are neither Christian nor unchristian, but are extra-Christian, and have a world of their own, which, to use language which will be very familiar to your ears just now, is not only 'unsectarian,' but is altogether 'secular.' After much consideration, I thought that I might be most useful to you, if I attempted to give you some vision of this extra-Christian world as it appears to a person who lives a good deal in it; and if I tried to show you by what methods the dwellers therein try to distinguish truth from falsehood, in regard to some of the deepest and most difficult problems that beset humanity." We have only to add that Professor Huxley is one of the members of the recently-appointed Royal Commission on scientific instruction and the advancement of science; and that he now holds the post of President of the Ethnological Society.

THE PENINSULA OF SINAI.

BY JOHN KEAST LORD, F.R.S., NATURALIST TO THE EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION EXPEDITIONS.

CHAPTER XXVI.—WÂDY FEIRAN.

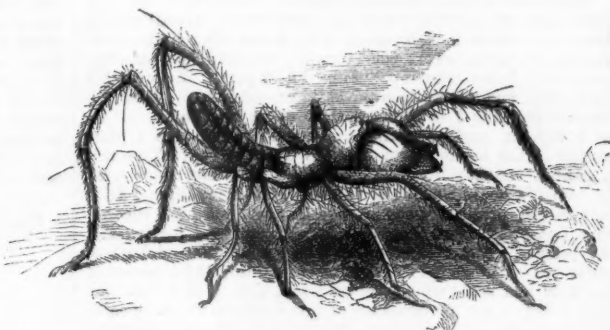
THE permanent residents in Wâdy Feiran are a mixed race, similar to the people who reside at the lower springs. In the "season," or rather during the date harvest, Feiran is the head-quarters of the Towhara Arabs; but all the work of cultivation is done by the slaves, who are styled "tabana" by their masters. They are allowed, in the way of payment, one-fourth of the produce they can manage to grow. Most of these workers are quite black; and I observed that the little children who rolled about upon the sand outside their homes in a complete state of nudity, almost invariably wore round their necks a number of small sea shells strung together. These shells were ground flat on two sides, and had holes drilled through them; and my dragoman informed me the necklets are supposed to act as charms, and protected the wearers against the bites of snakes, scorpions, and spiders. I note this as being a curious circumstance, inasmuch as it seems to show that the idea of these shell beads acting as charms probably existed so long ago as the working of the turquoise mines. It will be remembered that I found several shells bored and ground down exactly in the same way as are the shells at present worn, whilst exploring Sarabet-el-Chadem, and likewise buried in the old graves I dug open. Whether this belief in the protective power of marine shells came originally from Nubia, or at any rate from the locality whence the slaves were obtained who worked the mines, or whether it was of ancient Egyptian origin, I could not satisfy myself, but I feel pretty confident that the

Bedouins have no belief in the efficacy of these shell charms, hence I am disposed to think the superstition must have been imported during the occupation of the peninsula by the Egyptians prior to the Exodus.

It has always been a debatable question as to whether the ancient town of Feiran or Paran stood on or near the spot where the battle of Rephidim was fought, and one may very easily lead himself to believe that the hill on which stood the episcopal palace and church would answer very closely to the narrative in Exodus, the hill Moses occupied during the conflict with the Amalekites. But then comes a stumbling-block, difficult to get over. Rephidim was a place where there was no water for the people to drink, and it is hard to imagine that Feiran had no water in it at the period referred to—the fertility of the spot negatives such a supposition; indeed, there is very substantial evidence to show that there was perhaps a lake of considerable size close to Feiran. A perennial stream has undoubtedly always flowed near to the ruins of the town, verily making the “wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose.”

The supposed rock from which the water flowed when Moses struck it with his rod, is situated in a wady near Mount Sinai; with how much or how little authority this particular stone has been fixed upon as the “stone” does not matter at present—I shall have more to say about it when we visit the place. I am, however, disposed to think that there is very much more reason for thinking the site of Rephidim was near Mount Sinai than at or near the old town of Feiran. Just as I was retiring for the night, my dragoman came running in to say one of the men had been badly stung by a scorpion. They brought him to my tent, and it was terrible to witness the agony of the man, as much, I think, from abject terror lest he should die, as from actual pain; he writhed upon the ground, with such violent contortions that three men could hardly keep him quiet, while he groaned and cried like an overgrown baby. The sting was a little above the ankle joint, and all I could discover was a small puncture with a livid blue ring round it; there was no swelling or unnatural heat. My plan of treatment was to tie a ligature as tight as possible above the wound, and then to apply the strongest *liquor ammoniac* to the spot stung. After one or two applications I bound a pledget of lint saturated with chloroform and tincture of opium over the wound, and ordered the man to be kept quiet. The pain rapidly subsided, and the next day the patient was able to limp about. Several cases of scorpion sting came under my immediate care whilst exploring the peninsula, amongst our own men as well as the Bedouins, and in every case where the treatment described was adopted directly after the infliction of the injury, the result was signally successful. Three living things are held in mortal dread by the Sinai Bedouin. First, the asp (*cerastes*), one of the most deadly of serpents, for a bite from its venom fangs is sure and certain death, and the extreme danger of being bitten arises from the sluggish nature of the reptile, its habit being to hide in the sand or lie coiled up beside a stone, then woe betide the naked hand or foot that happens to come within striking distance: quick as the lightning flash the fangs are buried in the flesh of

the victim, and in about fifteen minutes after, a strong man dies. Number two, the scorpion, which mostly does harm at night, is attracted either by fire or something else, to get into places where people are sleeping. The sleeper suddenly moving, or it may be rolling over upon the scorpion, excites its anger: lifting the jointed tail over its back, it darts the hooked claw into the sleeper, leaving in the wound a small quantity of poison. Death very seldom follows scorpion stings, although I saw many cases amongst the Arabs where limbs stung had become deformed, and often useless. The third and last enemy is a huge spider, called by the Arabs “Abboo-shabet,” but known to scientific men as the “*Galeodes*.” Its singularity consists in having its head armed with two formidable hooked fangs, that work like the beak of a parrot; and this horrid spider has the power of working one pair of fangs independently of the other, so that beetles or anything else the spider may have captured



GALEODES (new species, natural size).

with one pair of fangs it cuts up with the other. It makes no web, but takes up its quarters in the rough bark of the date palms, coming out only at night. My habit was to hang up a lantern against the trunk of a palm-tree, and await the appearance of these monsters. I have one or two I captured in Feiran that measure over six inches from the point of one leg to that of another. It was enough to make one shake to watch, by the aid of the flickering light, one of these fellows emerge from his lair and walk towards the lantern; it looked the very incarnation of everything vile and bloodthirsty. The body, thickly covered with long hairs, glistens with a kind of iridescence, like mother-of-pearl, while its several eyes give one the idea of tiny diamonds set in jet. The speed of this spider is marvellous; it can run over the sand quite as fast as a man can stride, as I have often found when pursuing it. My Arab friends vow and declare that the bite of this spider is nearly as much to be dreaded as that of the asp. That it is frightfully poisonous I fully believe, a fact borne out by the size of the poison glands at the bases of the nippers; but, never having met with a case of a person having been bitten, I am not able to vouch for the truth of the Arab story regarding its deadly bite. But the hue and cry that follows the discovery in an Arab camp of the “abboo-shabet,” shows that the people have good grounds to dread and fear it. The Bedouins always predicted my coming to an untimely end as a certainty, and regarded me as worse than a lunatic for actually coaxing the “abboo-shabets” from out their hiding-places for the sheer love of catching them.

Varieties.

OCCUPIERS OF LAND IN IRELAND.—The annual volume of "Agricultural Statistics of Ireland," compiled by the Registrar-General, and recently laid before Parliament, states that in the year 1868 there were 594,341 separate holdings of land in Ireland, being 2,777 less than in the preceding year. The numbers were as follows:—Not exceeding one acre, 49,709, being a decrease of 961; above one and not exceeding five acres, 77,108, a decrease of 956; above five and not exceeding fifteen acres, 172,040, a decrease of 1,435; above fifteen and not exceeding thirty acres, 136,580, an increase of 77; above thirty and not exceeding fifty acres, 72,205, an increase of 420; above fifty and not exceeding 100 acres, 54,840, an increase of 88; above 100 and not exceeding 200 acres, 22,106, an increase of 115; above 200 and not exceeding 500 acres, 8,181, a decrease of 128; and above 500 acres, 1,572, an increase of three. But as many holders of land occupy more than one farm, the enumerators were required to make a special return of all such landholders; and the Registrar-General is thereby enabled to present an approximate return stating the total number of occupiers of land in 1868 as 538,343.

A SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER.—Colonel Shadforth, of the 57th Regiment, the evening before the unsuccessful assault on the Redan, in which he fell, along with many other brave companions in arms, wrote the following beautiful and affecting letter:—"Before Sebastopol, June 17, 9 P.M. My own beloved wife and dearly beloved children,—At one o'clock tomorrow morning I head the 57th to storm the Redan. It is, as I feel, an awfully perilous moment to me, but I place myself in the hands of our gracious God, without whose will a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. I place my whole trust in him. Should I fall in the performance of my duty, I fully rely in the precious blood of our Saviour, shed for sinners, that I may be saved through him. Pardon and forgive me, my beloved ones, for anything I may have said or done to cause you one moment's unhappiness. Unto God I commend my body and soul, which are his; and, should it be his will that I fall in the performance of my duty, in the defence of my Queen and country, I most humbly say, 'Thy will be done.' God bless you and protect you; and my last prayer will be, that he in his infinite goodness may preserve me to you. God ever bless you, my beloved Eliza, and my dearest children, and if we meet not again in this world, may we all meet in the mansion of our Heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ. God bless and protect you; and ever believe me, your affectionate husband and loving father, THOMAS SHADFORTH."—*Seton's Letters.*

DR. WATTS.—For children he condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion, and systems of instruction adapted to their wants and capacities, from the dawn of reason through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man acquainted with the common principles of human action will look with veneration on the writer who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

THE COCKATRICE.—The word cockatrice confessedly denotes an imaginary animal, but the cockatrice of the Bible is a very different thing from the fabulous creature of which we read in legends and heraldic books. It is confessedly a misfortune that our translators of the Scriptures have several times put the names of fictitious beings where the sacred writers speak of real ones. But these errors are due to the slender knowledge of natural history which was current when our version of the Bible was made. The fabulous cockatrice is an imaginary flying reptile, the offspring of a cock and a serpent, and supposed in its shape to combine the two. For its actual representation we must refer to books of heraldry. It was fancied to have the power of killing by means of its breath or even by its glance; hence we read in Shakespeare of "the death-darting eye of cockatrice." With regard to the animals a few times called "cockatrice" in our Bibles, a few hints may be useful. In the first place, two Hebrew words are thus rendered, and therefore two species of serpents may be meant—for that serpents are meant is undoubted. There is the word *tsiphont*, out of which it is very likely the Greek mythologists concocted the monsters Typhon and Tisiphone. This occurs in Isa. xl. 8, lix. 5; Jer. viii. 17, as "cockatrice," whereas it is translated "adder" in Prov. xxiii. 32. In the last-mentioned passage "cockatrice" is put into the margin; whereas, in Isa. lix. 5, the exact contrary occurs—"adder" in the margin and "cockatrice" in the text.

The older English version known as the Breeches Bible also has the word cockatrice wherever it appears in our authorised translation. The second word rendered "cockatrice" is *tzepha*, a shorter form of the other, as in Isa. xiv. 29. That serpents are meant, we have said is undoubted, the only question being what species. Dr. Tristram, in his useful "Natural History of the Bible," suggests that the great yellow viper is indicated, but others that it is the sand viper, the cobra di capello, etc. The contexts show that the serpents were venomous, and the Hebrew names convey the idea that they were serpents which hissed, but how to identify them with any particular species is a problem which has not yet been certainly solved. The one point about which there is no uncertainty is that the cockatrice of the Bible was not a fabulous animal.

AN ABSENT MAN.—Dr. Duncan, Professor of Hebrew in the New College, Edinburgh, was a very "absent-minded" man, and a legend used to be current about him which has been told of many people in slightly different forms. The doctor was coming, so says the story, out of the college one day, when a cow brushed slightly against him; the doctor mechanically lifted his hat and muttered, "I beg your pardon, ma'am." He was a good deal rallied about this, and a day or two afterwards, as he was again coming from his class, he stumbled against a lady, and at once exclaimed, "Is that you again, you beast." On another occasion Dr. Duncan had walked a long distance to supply the pulpit of a country church. Before entering, he purposed to refresh himself with a pinch of snuff. The wind being rather puffy near the building, he turned round for shelter, and on finishing the pinch he forgot his wheelabout movement, and trudged on till he found himself back at his own home.

O'CONNELL DESCRIBED BY LORD LYTTON.—In his poem, "The New Timon," Lord Lytton thus sketches O'Connell:—

"But not to Erin's coarser chief deny,
Large if his faults, time's large apology;
Child of a land that ne'er had known repose,
Our rights and blessings, Ireland's wrongs and woes,
Hate at St. Omer's into caution drilled,
In Dublin law-courts subtilized and skilled;
Hate in the man, whatever else appear
Fickle or false, was steadfast and sincere;
But with that hate a nobler passion dwelt,
To hate the Saxon was to love the Celt.
Had that fierce railer sprung from English sires,
His creed a Protestant's, his birth a squire's,
No blander Pollio, whom our Bar affords,
Had graced the woolpack and cajoled My Lords,
Pass by his faults, his art be here allowed,
Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd;
Hear him in senates, second-rate at best,
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest:
Sought he to shine, then certain to displease;
Tawdry, yet coarse-grained, tinsel upon frieze;
His Titan strength must touch what gave it birth,
Hear him to mobs and on his mother earth!"

A SURGEON'S EXPERIENCE AT WATERLOO.—All the deficiencies of performing surgical operations were soon neglected. While I amputated one man's thigh, there lay at one time thirteen, all beseeching to be taken next; one full of entreaty, one calling upon me to remember my promise to take him, another execrating. It was a strange thing to feel my clothes stiff with blood, and my arms powerless with the exertion of using the knife! and more extraordinary still, to find my mind calm amidst such variety of suffering; but to give one of these objects access to your feelings was to allow yourself to be unmanned for the performance of a duty. It was less painful to look upon the whole than to contemplate one object. . . . It is a misfortune to have our sentiments so at variance with the universal impression. But there must ever be associated with the honours of Waterloo, to my eyes, the most shocking sights of woe, to my ear accents of entreaty, outcry from the manly breast, interrupted forcible expressions of the dying, and noisome smells. I must show you my note-books, for as I took my notes of cases generally by sketching the object of our remarks, it may convey an excuse for this excess of sentiment.—*Letters of Sir Charles Bell, K.H.*

LONDON CITY.—Sir Charles Trevelyan, in lately advocating the utilising of ancient ecclesiastical endowments for the populous modern districts of the metropolis, says: The inner core of the ancient city, within the line of the old walls and the Thames, which, omitting the intramural portion of St. Stephen, Coleman Street, is 337 acres, or about half as large again as Hyde Park. The resident population, according to the census of 1861, was 40,866, and it cannot now be much above 30,000, most of whom go into the country on Saturday afternoon.